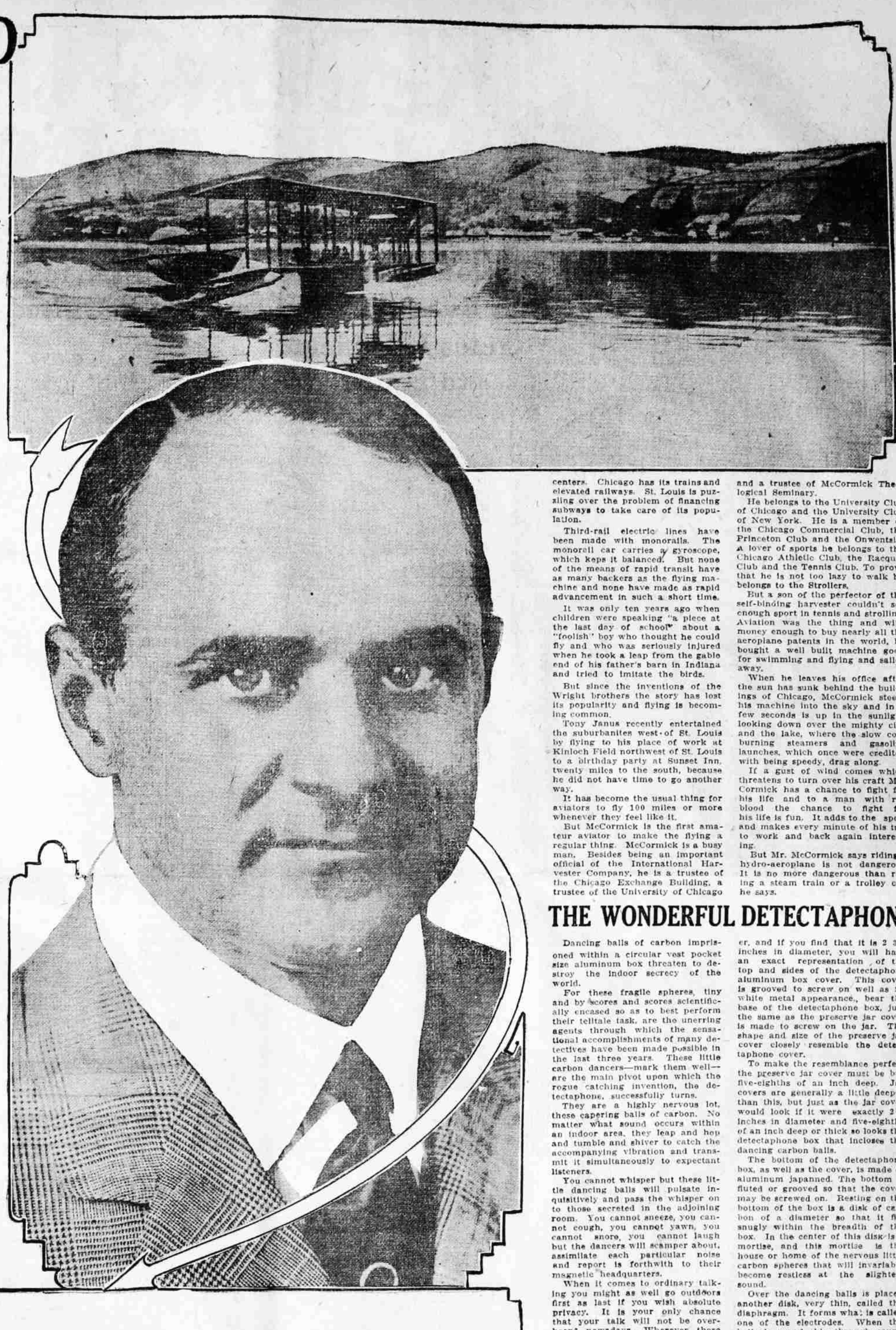
By AIRSHIP FROM SUBURBIA

Young Millionaire McCormick, of Chicago, Flies in From His Country Home to Work Each Morning in a Speedy Hydro-Aeroplane and (Meanwhile) Equips Himself to Be an Aero-Naval Officer.



The thousands of suburbanites of the big American cities who are accustomed to ride to work on trains pulled by engines that cast cinders in their eyes, or who have long ago grown tired of grumbling whenever the power goes off on the electric cars, have been casting envious glances toward Chicago, where Harold Fowler McCormick, vice president of the International Harvester Company, son-in-law of John D. Rockefeller and pioneer commuter of the air route, flies to work from his home twenty-eight miles in the country in twenty-eight minutes.

Harold McCormick, whose father, Cyrus H. McCormick, revolutionized life on the American farm by perfecting the self-binder harvester, is pointing out the way to revolutionize city life.

Hundreds of dwellers in the cities are longing to follow his example next year. Flying machines are only slightly more expensive than automobiles. In a few years they will will be less expensive than automobiles now are. Those who would copy McCormick argue that the city is no place to live and prefer to live far out in the country where their families can have pure air and where they can go to sleep comfortably any night in July or August.

In Chicago, as in other cities, thousands of persons live in the country while they work in the city. They go to work by steam train, by electric car and by automobile.

McCormick flies past them all.

In the morning long after the last one of his neighbors has started to work this Chicago sportsman pulls out his hydro-aeroplane, cracks the whip over its ears and sails out from his home at Lake Forest with the nose of his machine pointing southward toward Chicago. A mile a minute he goes and commuters look out to see him gliding by the car windows.

Best Way to Travel, McCormick Says.

Autoists look with envious eyes at the birdman who can fly in air and navigate the water with his flying swimming boat. As he nears the big skyscraper line on the Chicago water front, his machine is seen to dip to the waves and he skims through the water to the dock, where he steps ashore opposite the Harvester Building, where he spends his day conferring with the heads of departments of his establishment or takes up legal points with his lawyers.

"It beats walking because its faster," said McCormick one day in telling how he liked his mode of travel. "There's no smoke from the engine and there's no grade crossings to delay. It's the best way to travel."

While McCormick is speeding to work he not only is getting to the city faster than anybody else, but he is fitting himself to be a general of an aero fleet in case of war.

By practical work with a hydro-aeroplane, McCormick is giving himself an education that would be invaluable in time of war. With his natural ability as a commander of men, which he has shown as manager of a concern which has salesmen in every country in the world, he could easily persuade the President, who formerly was one of his instructors at Princeton, that he is qualified to be commander of the aero fleet of America.

With thousands of other commuters of America following his example, the United States would have a fighting force of air men that would be invincible. With an army of men using aeroplanes and hydro-aeroplanes every morning on their way to work, America would have a force that could whip the world.

The invention of gunpowder was the great leveler. It made the common man on foot as strong as the mailed warrior on horseback. The nation that could not afford horses and whose people did not know how to ride them, was not reckoned in the fighting world before the arrival of gunpowder.

But if the American commuters decide to fly to work we will go back to the knighthood days again, with the American the greatest fighter of them all. Nowhere else is business so concentrated in the downtown districts as in America.

Take Tokio, Japan, for instance. There is no concentration of business there as in Chicago. Tradesmen live near their work. While there is a great central business district, it is not congested as in American cities and there is no city problem. Japan does not have the army of suburbanites that America has and consequently to develop an airship fleet it would have to train its flying men at government expense. It would have to buy their machines by taxing the people. In America if the followers of McCormick multiply the people will have their own aeroplanes and flying machines to practice in. They will train themselves and save time and money while doing it.

Let the Jap declare war against the United States and suburbanites will offer their machines and services just like the rough riders offered their horses and their ability to ride at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, and just like America's yachtsmen offered their yachts and services as helmsmen when the Maine went down.

Here Is Picture of Future City.

But if there be no war, enthusiasts of aeroplaning declare McCormick has shown the way to solve the problem of our crowded cities.

Here is the picture of future city life as pointed out by the enthusiasts:

The city proper would be only a place to go to work. The factories and skyscrapers would be by themselves, while the residences would be far out on the hills and along the streams. Real estate men would take prospective buyers out in their aeroplanes, fly to some beauty spot and from a height of several thousand feet, point out the advantages of their home sites.

When the buyer had picked his place to build he would establish a home and a hangar and there he would start every morning for the downtown district. Office buildings would be equipped with big platforms, where the machines could alight and space under the platform would be provided where the machines could be folded and left for the day.

The elevators would be boarded on the roof instead of on the street. The streets would be used for pedestrians. Automobiles and street cars would be used only to get around downtown.

Rapid transit is one of the big problems of the great cities of America. In New York they have the trains, elevated railways and subways. Tunnels go under the Hudson to hasten travel from the residence districts to the business centers. Chicago has its trains and elevated railways. St. Louis is puzzling over the problem of financing subways to take care of its population.

Third-rail electric lines have been made with monorails. The monorail car carries a gyroscope, which keps it balanced. But none of the means of rapid transit have as many backers as the flying machine and none have made as rapid advancement in such a short time.

It was only ten years ago when children were speaking "a piece at the last day of school" about a "foolish" boy who thought he could fly and who was seriously injured when he took a leap from the gable end of his father's barn in Indiana and tried to imitate the birds.

But since the inventions of the Wright brothers the story has lost its popularity and flying is becoming common.

Tony Janus recently entertained the suburbanites west of St. Louis by flying to his place of work at Kinloch Field northwest of St. Louis to a birthday party at Sunset Inn, twenty miles to the south, because he did not have time to go another way.

It has become the usual thing for aviators to fly 100 miles or more whenever they feel like it.

But McCormick is the first amateur aviator to make the flying a regular thing. McCormick is a busy man. Besides being an important official of the International Harvester Company, he is a trustee of the Chicago Exchange Building, a trustee of the University of Chicago and a trustee of McCormick Theological Seminary.

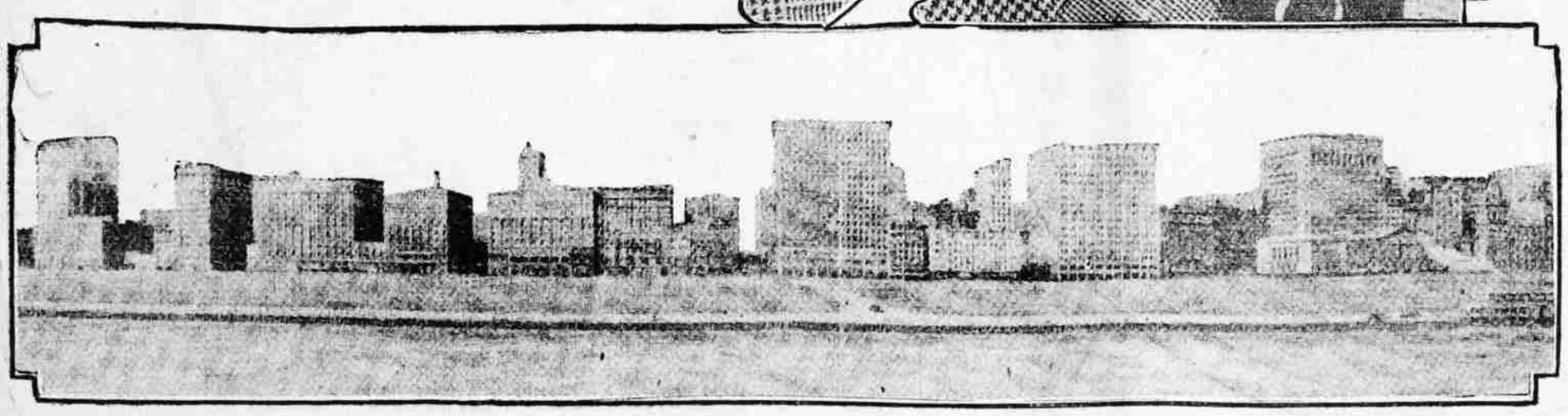
He belongs to the University Club of Chicago and the University Club of New York. He is a member of the Chicago Commercial Club, the Princeton Club and the Onwentsia. A lover of sports he belongs to the Chicago Athletic Club, the Racquet Club and the Tennis Club. To prove that he is not too lazy to walk he belongs to the Strollers.

But a son of the perfector of the self-binding harvester couldn't see enough sport in tennis and strolling. Aviation was the thing and with money enough to buy nearly all the aeroplane patents in the world, he bought a well built machine good for swimming and flying and sailed away.

When he leaves his office after the sun has sunk behind the buildings of Chicago, McCormick steers his machine into the sky and in a few seconds is up in the sunlight looking down over the mighty city and the lake, where the slow coal burning steamers and gasoline launches, which once were credited with being speedy, drag along.

If a gust of wind comes which threatens to turn over his craft McCormick has a chance to fight for his life and to a man with red blood the chance to fight for his life is fun. It adds to the sport and makes every minute of his trip to work and back again interesting.

But Mr. McCormick says riding a hydro-aeroplane is not dangerous. It is no more dangerous than riding a steam train or a trolley car, he says.



An intimate photograph of Harold McCormick, a view of him in his hydro-aeroplane, and Grant Park, showing Chicago's skyline and water front of the downtown business district. It is at Grant Park that McCormick quits his flying boat, strolling along the walk directly to his offices in the McCormick Building, at the right of the walk.

THE WONDERFUL DETECTAPHONE

Dancing balls of carbon imprisoned within a circular vest pocket size aluminum box threaten to destroy the indoor secrecy of the world.

For these fragile spheres, tiny and by scores and scores scientifically encased so as to best perform their telltale task, are the unerring agents through which the sensational accomplishments of many detectives have been made possible in the last three years. These little carbon dancers—mark them well—are the main pivot upon which the rogue catching invention, the detectaphone, successfully turns.

They are a highly nervous lot, these capering balls of carbon. No matter what sound occurs within an indoor area, they leap and hop and tumble and shiver to catch the accompanying vibration and transmit it simultaneously to expectant listeners.

You cannot whisper but these little dancing balls will pulsate inquisitively and pass the whisper on to those secreted in the adjoining room. You cannot sneeze, you cannot cough, you cannot yawn, you cannot snore, you cannot laugh but the dancers will scamper about, assimilate each particular noise and report is forthwith to their magnetic headquarters.

When it comes to ordinary talking you might as well go outdoors first as last if you wish absolute privacy. It is your only chance that your talk will not be overheard nowadays. Wherever there are walls and ceilings there the listening dancing balls may have full control. And they village gossip everything straight to their employers.

In short, the detectaphone is the X-ray of accusing and convicting sound. It penetrates everywhere. It is not balked by brick and plaster impediment. Thus, in tune and time with the dancing of the little carbon spheres of the detectaphone law and justice have invaded the room of the bolted door, the padded transom and the heavily curtained window, with the remarkable results now forming part of criminal annals.

Within the last three years this apparatus, constructed for the demolition of indoor secrecy, has been in the public eye through the presentation of half a dozen successful dramas whose plot and action revolve about the tattling invention. Yet while the public has taken the detectaphone wonders for granted, hardly one person in ten understands altogether what the mechanism is like, how it is successfully attached and upon what principle its operation is based. Here is exactly what the detectaphone is:

First, there is the detectaphone proper, or, in other words, the listener and the "snitcher"—the receptacle of the dancing balls. If you have a glass preserve jar in the cupboard, one of the more old-fashioned kind, take close note of the metal cover. Remove the cover, and if you find that it is 2 3-8 inches in diameter, you will have an exact representation of the top and sides of the detectaphone aluminum box cover. This cover is grooved to screw on well as its white metal appearance., bear the base of the detectaphone box, just the same as the preserve jar cover is made to screw on the jar. The shape and size of the preserve jar cover closely resemble the detectaphone cover.

To make the resemblance perfect the preserve jar cover must be but five-eighths of an inch deep. Jar covers are generally a little deeper than this, but just as the jar cover would look if it were exactly 2⅜ inches in diameter and five-eighths of an inch deep or thick so looks the detectaphone box that incloses the dancing carbon balls.

The bottom of the detectaphone box, as well as the cover, is made of aluminum japanned. The bottom is fluted or grooved so that the cover may be screwed on. Resting on the bottom of the box is a disk of carbon of a diameter so that it fits snugly within the breadth of the box. In the center of this disk is a mortise, and this mortise is the house or home of the nervous little carbon spheres that will invariably become restless at the slightest sound.

Over the dancing balls is placed another disk, very thin, called the diaphragm. It forms what is called one of the electrodes. When the balls hop and skip through sound vibration their varieties of change and degree of contact cause the sound reproduction and transmission to the distant point. The mortised home of the balls is the other electrode. The shifting changes of the two electrodes make the necessary alterations in circuit conditions and the detectaphone becomes a fact.

All this goes on within the detectaphone box. Very many care little about this technical end. They are interested in reading of what damage an exploded bomb caused without caring to have explained just what composes the bomb. So for these it is sufficient to say that when ready for work the detectaphone in outward appearance resembles a preserve jar cover made shallower, and with respect to size and shape in handling might be compared to some old-fashioned hunting case watches—no larger or bulkier. In the cover of the detectaphone box there are about forty holes pierced through, so that they form a six-pointed star. The dancing balls hear what you say in a great measure through these holes.

Additional to the detectaphone box and part of the apparatus are a pair of telephone receivers such as are used on metal head bands by girls in telephone exchanges, a battery for circuit excitation, a controller to adjust the pitch or volume of sound to the ear so that it does not come too loud or growly nor too low and indistinct.